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spirits, inspired by christian faith, have defied all the physical force of Rome, and, leaving their mangled bodies to their persecutors, have exulted in a glorious triumph over their futile rage. The energy of endurance was superior to that of malignity.

But there is a moral power which can subdue the mind. We are taught this lesson by Christ. We are taught it anew by the names of Howard, Wilberforce, De l' Epee, Worcester and Channing. They teach us—Oh, why cannot the great and powerful learn it—that kindness is the true conqueror of enemies, and the truest development of real and greater power. It is a conquering power over self; for “better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.” It is a double conquest over enemies, for it obliterates them as foes, and gains them as friends. It is a conquest over the malignant sentiments of the world, winning it by example and silent influence to the dominion of love. It is a conflict of a greater moral energy, a victory more thorough and beneficent, a triumph more glorious and enduring, than laying the villages of an empire in ashes, desolating the fairest fields of the globe, and crushing myriads on myriads of human bodies under the iron instruments of war.—*Communications to the “Christian Citizen.”*

THE following fact will show (among many others) that death and robbery are averted more by benevolence than by resistance.

THE PIRATE.

A SKETCH BY THE CAPTAIN.

EIGHTEEN years ago, the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves, on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verds with bread for the famine-stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart, than those which were bent over us; pleasanter gales never filled the sails of the sea-journeyer than those which sped us to the haven where we should be; “and now may God have the ship in his holy keeping,” the prayer which concluded the old English bill of landing, was heard and granted, we felt, who stood on the deck of the stout craft, whose errand it was to succor the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the forecastle, and aft in the cabin. Sailors, who are often so hungry, liable at any moment to be put on short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landsmen how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It was now the fourteenth day out—just in the first gray of the morning, that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light, the vigilant officer had descried her, and she was near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the stranger almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

“Why, Mr. Larkin,” I said, laughing as I spoke, “there's nothing suspicious in that lubbery looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail.”

"She looks like that build," the mate answered, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvass in a wind like this, that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. And look now at the men on her deck."

One glance at the telescope was enough to satisfy me the mate was right. The vessel was sharp built, light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvass usual to such a rig, she was fitted to carry a lugger-sail, which when spread before the wind would add to her speed. In addition she was pierced for twenty-two sweeps. Her decks were crowded with men.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabout."

"She's no slaver, Captain."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on her deck, instead of water-casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo, her guns should be below; if with one, there should be more guns on deck. If that ain't a pirate, I never swam in the Kennebec river, and salmon ain't good eating."

As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious vessel began to spread more canvass, and as she gathered away with the freshening breeze, they ran up to her foremast a flag, which when it reached the truck, unshook its folds in the wind. On a white field we saw the terrible insignia of the freebooter, the death's head and crossbones, painted in diabolical black.

"I thought so," said Mr. Larkin, quietly—"and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"An old horse-pistol, and the lock out of order."

"And I have only an old fowling piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

"Yes, cut our throats and administer on our effects afterwards," replied the mate, walking forward.

We made all the sail we could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a gun from the pirate, and a ball whistling over us, speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along, like a panther, which, sure of its prey, was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance, he hailed and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got out the quarter-boat, and I was about to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villains when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on the deck when he again appeared upon the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage-looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprung, and pulled toward us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board of my vessel and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in very fair English.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verde."

"Why, they're all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes, and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned toward his men, who by this time had broken into the main hatch, and in a rough commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously toward their captain, for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hand behind him, and walked to and fro quickly for five minutes; then he said, sharply, turning to me—

"You Americans are all heretics—why should you send flour to feed starving Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow men, and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried, with a fierceness that startled me—"if you lie to me, I'll nail you to your own deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned—"swear it by the Saviour, whose name you have just pronounced." As he spoke, he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear it by the Holy Trinity," I replied, solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap and bent his head devoutly, when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with his head bent over, while one might have moderately counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half closed, but open, and clearer in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," he said, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side; but he lingered behind, and after a moment's hesitation, as though he repented of his resolution, and was ashamed of what he was doing, approached me with his hand extended.

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterward hung, as no doubt he deserved to be. *But* however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and self-desecrated, there burst forth a little, warm glimmer of light, which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel, the gloom of his dying hour.